

THE SALT LAKE HERALD-REPUBLICAN

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DIRECTORS ARE RESPONSIBLE.

One of the healthiest of recent de-
cisions is that just handed down by the
New York court of appeals holding
that the directors of the Trust Com-
pany of the Republic are responsible
for the failure of that company, and
the impoverishment of its patrons.

The decision is especially gratifying
in the light of the last report of the
comptroller of the currency, to the ef-
fect that not twenty-five per cent of
the bank directors of the country know
anything at all of the value of the
securities on which the funds of their
banks are loaned.

Down in a little Indiana city of two
thousand people two brothers, bankers,
have just been indicted for misappli-
cation of the funds of their bank. They
had a capital of twenty-five thousand,
and deposits of nearly a quarter of a
million. And there wasn't enough cash
left in the bank to pay the gas bill
when they were caught.

All the directors were good men,
men of honesty and of fortune. But
they rarely attended a directors' meet-
ing, and never investigated the truth
of the reports of the brothers—pres-
ident and cashier of the institution.

And what is true in that instance,
has been true in ninety-nine out of a
hundred of other bank failures. The
men who are responsible do not know
what is being done with their money,
and with the money of their neighbors.
And the effect is ruin.

Among the thirteen directors of the
failed Trust Company of the Republic
are men like Hamilton Fish, and those
with whom he has been for years as-
sociated. And whether big or little, the
only way for them to learn the lesson
is to read it in just such papers as
this decision of the New York court
of appeals. They must make good the
money loss, and then they must stand
trial for their flagrant evasion of the law.

MAYOR ROSE TUESDAY NIGHT.

It will probably be admitted that the
world has not yet entirely settled the
problem of intoxicating liquor. No one
will have the hardihood to contend that
any plan yet reduced to experiment
has entirely stripped the business of all
its evils. Most people will concede that
it is of very general and very great in-
terest. So much of happiness and of
misery hangs upon the proper solution
of the problem that prudent people can
not hastily or thoughtlessly decide upon
any plan. It deserves their most calm
consideration, and their most sensible
action.

Anger will not help. Intolerance will
lead to no substantial conclusion. If
ever in all the world there has been a
problem demanding wisdom and
strength, the drink evil provides that
problem.

Mayor David Rose, who will speak at
the Salt Lake theatre Tuesday even-
ing, is one of the men of ability who
have dared to face the matter fairly,
and risk reprisal by advancing doc-
trines which he believes experience has
approved. He comes with the back-
ing of a good life, a clean record, an
earned reputation for probity and sense.
As clearly as any other man he will be
conceded to be guided by regard for his
fellow men in arriving at his decisions,
and advancing his arguments.

It will be well for all people to take
advantage of the opportunity to hear
him.

THE INVASION OF ST. GEORGE.

We rather look for St. George to be
captured by an invading army from all
Utah this week. The commercial clubs
of the state have very generally ac-
cepted the Dixie invitation, and will
send delegates to eat the Dixie fruit,
drink the Dixie wine, and enjoy the
Dixie hospitality.

And while we have a great deal of
faith in the quality of the men down
there in the valley of the Virgin river,
we believe they will have their hands
full. They will give a good account of
themselves, of course. But expectation
has been raised rather high. And if
they come through with flying colors
they will deserve not only approval,
but a railroad.

For, down beyond that line of hills
that form the western barrier for the
Escalante desert are many and rich
possibilities. That whole region, in-
cluding Washington and Kane coun-
ties, has marvels of resource and mir-
acles of beauty. The government has
just made a park of a region so filled
with natural wonders that nothing in
the Yosemite or the Yellowstone can
at all compare with it. Harry Culmer
and a few others know the Organ Rock,
and the Smithsonian Cliffs. D. E. Wool-
ley and Samuel Judd know that al-
monds and raisins and figs and cotton
can be raised profitably in the val-
leys, and that there is water enough
to irrigate all their lands, and produce
crops of amazing abundance.

But the railroad is the only means
of waking that country to its possi-
bilities, of giving those people the re-
ward for which they have long been
striving. This visit of all Utah should
be the beginning of a movement which
will see the construction of a line from
Marysville to Modena, by way of Pan-
gutch and Kanab and St. George.
And when that is done, not only all

Utah, but all the world can share in
the blessings the Lord has lavished on
Dixie.

CLEAR CASE OF OPPRESSION.

Mr. Albert Shaw ranks very high as a
jealous guardian of the destinies of the
race. No man has said more words in
protection of the people than has Al-
bert. He is especially strong in de-
nunciation of laws of congress aimed at
poor people by President Taft and
other designers of trouble. And in no
other one thing has Albert found more
to complain of than in the new law tax-
ing corporations.

Here is an extract from his most re-
cent outpouring:

Every business, bakery, grocery store,
or village draying concern, incorporated
or working as a joint stock company, is
subject to the tax, provided only its net
profits exceed \$5,000 in a year.

That is a pretty tough proposition.
And while the big freight companies of
New York and Philadelphia might be
willing to oppress the people, im-
agine the righteous wrath of the vil-
lage draymen of Crawfordsville and
Barraboo.

Every incorporated drayman whose
total annual profits exceed five thou-
sand dollars would have to confess his
wickedness to the federal authorities.
He would have to admit the heinous sin
of taking in more than five thousand
from New Year of last year to New
Year of this. And out of it he would
have to give two per cent to the fed-
eral treasury, to be distributed to the
ninety millions of Columbia's children.

We can in fancy see a delegation of
five-thousand-dollar village draymen
going up to Washington to protest.
And they might be joined by village
bakers who would thank their stars if
they could see five thousand dollars in a
year—profit and loss put together.

Albert will take care of every village
draying concern and every village
baker whose net income—after paying
expenses—amounts to five thousand
dollars and over.

The rest will be able to take care of
themselves.

DR. COOK IN DEMAND.

One theatrical manager has cabled a
mighty offer to Dr. Frederick Cook,
who is said to have discovered the
North Pole. The man will be in very
great demand.

He is said to look forward to the
joys and luxuries of civilization. He
has been for years beyond the region of
comfort. Naturally, he will find
delight in customary living. It
must be a most frightful thing to live
in the utter silence of those forbidden
latitudes. The cold is enough—the
constant searching cold of the per-
petual winter. It must drain the phys-
ical resources of a man bred to the
temperate zone. It must so wear on
his bodily powers as to affect his men-
tal poise.

There is a problem in hunger. No
such food as he has known can be
carried with him. He must build the fires
of his blood with edibles unspeakably
repulsive to the finer sense of an
American.

His companionships must be hope-
less. Their influence will of necessity
relax the manhood of the gentler born.

But, most oppressive of all, is the
constant, intrusive, the limitless
silence of the unbounded icefields. And
what is left of a man's mind after
hunger and cold and low compani-
onship have done their work for months
and years, might well give way in the
unutterable stillness of the pole.

The wonder will not be that Dr. Cook
has found the pole—so much as that,
having found it, he should retain the
man-power to return.

AT A REASONABLE PRICE.

One of the interesting details of en-
campment week was the purchase by
many eastern visitors of clothing and
dry goods in Salt Lake. The Herald-
Republican made mention of the fact,
and a number of correspondent ex-
press doubt of its accuracy.

Most Salt Lake people get an eastern
paper now and then. Let them
take one from Chicago or New York
or any other big city. Let them go
through the advertisements in those
papers, and then like advertisements
in the Herald-Republican today. It
will be found that clothing and shoes
and many lines of dry goods, and num-
berless other articles are quoted quite
as cheap here as they are in the big
cities of the east.

Take those eastern advertisements,
and go down Main street, or Second
South, or any other street in which
there are clothing stores. You have
a pretty good idea what the eastern
merchant is offering. You will find
that the local dealer is tendering a
bargain quite as good.

The truth is, in most lines, living is
just as cheap here as in any city in
the United States. And wages—even
salaries—are higher. Tell that to your
friends when you write back home.

NEW TREATY OF PEACE WITH JAPAN.

There are some twenty prominent
Japanese business men of the bigger
grade in America, getting acquainted
with our people, and giving our people
an opportunity to get better acquainted
with them. In Seattle the other night
they attended a banquet given by mer-
chants, bankers and manufacturers of
the northwest, and in the course of his
address one of the latter said the men
at table had made a new treaty of
peace between Japan and the United
States. And that, under the terms of
the new treaty, each had agreed to
buy goods of the other, and pay for
them.

That is a whole lot better than to
talk about fighting Japan. It is much
better for both countries than for either
of them to canvass the chances of war.
Of course the talk was in a facetious
strain, and yet it went to the core of
things.

Not long ago some one in Japan
asked Marquis Ito if there were such
a thing as a general Japanese senti-
ment in favor of war against the
United States. "Go ask the children
on the street," replied the wise old

man. And the children on the street,
when asked, sang: "The Star-Spangled
Banner."

It is a good thing to see the mer-
chants of the two nations at table to-
gether; to know that the interests of
business are for peace. From child-
hood our people have been taught that
commercialism is a terrible ogre, de-
voted to nothing so much as the de-
struction of everything desirable in the
life of citizens. Maybe commercialism
is like a good many other strangers—
not so bad as it has been reputed.

We have been told that war is made
by the business interests. Even if that
were true, shall not the business in-
terests have credit for the blessings of
peace when they make for peace? And
it is very certain that the business in-
terests of the two nations give the one
strongest assurance against military
conflict between the United States and
Japan.

Nothing is so destructive as war.
And good rules of business never are
served by the destruction of property.

WHAT THEY KNOW ABOUT POKER.

It is only when a man is confused
about the details that he appeals to
the newspapers for information. It is
only after he has acquainted himself
with the general rules, and has prac-
ticed the generally accepted method,
that he encounters a new and unex-
pected phase. So that when a New
York man appeals to the Sun for advice
as to a point in the practical applica-
tion of draw poker, it will be understood
instantly that he has exhausted the
general and common fund of informa-
tion. We speak of this because in a
recent issue of that excellent paper we
found some man soberly putting up this
point for decision:

A opens a jackpot with a pair of jacks,
and B stays with a four-flush. A draws
three cards and B draws one, and neither
helps. It is B's first bet, and he bets the
limit. A calls him, and B contends that
he cannot lose—or that A cannot take his
money—because he (B) did not have open-
ers. Can he lose?

All gentlemen west of the Jersey
line will sit more comfortably when
they know that the Sun replied:

B can lose anything and everything he
puts up if he cannot beat the man who
calls him. A's jacks are legitimate open-
ers, and they certainly beat a four-flush.

The first sensation was one of fear
that something new and terrible had
been injected into the laws controlling
the game. That tremor passes with the
clear and conclusive statement of the
Sun.

But back of it is the disquieting con-
viction that the man who wrote the
letter asked something which his as-
sociates could not answer. In other
words, the general voice of New York
was at least divided on the subject.
Evidently a considerable portion of
that community held to the opinion
that a man caught bluffing didn't have
to lose the pot.

We have noted with regret, on sev-
eral occasions, that the civilization of
the far east is deteriorating. Nothing
in current reading has so strengthened
the sad conclusion. A place where any
portion of the people play that kind of
poker becomes a menace to the peace
and a muddling of the traditions of a
great and glorious republic.

VANDALISM CANNOT WIN.

If reports are true, a good many jobs
of plumbing have recently been ren-
dered hopeless because of vandalism.
Some one has taken out lead pipe, de-
stroyed fixtures and connections, and
demolished the tools and materials of
workmen.

There is a strike of plumbers; but
we do not believe that those men who
formerly held positions have perilled
their cause and stained their good
names by these acts of vandalism. It
is quite too wicked a thing easily to
believe.

No trade contention can be won
against the sentiment of the public.
And the public sentiment is fixed in
condemnation of the destruction of
property. No pretense of justice, no
claim of right can be listened to by the
man whose faucets have been wrenched
loose, or whose neighbor's drains have
been choked up.

The plumbers were getting five and
a half dollars a day, and struck for
six. They may be worth six—or more.
But they never can convince the pub-
lic of it by cutting lead pipes.

CARELESSNESS IN THE KITCHEN.

Every one has read the distressing
story of the man and the woman who
were killed a week ago by eating
dumplings into which arsenic had been
mixed in the mistaken belief that it
was baking powder. And we venture
to say that few housewives failed to
send a disturbed thought to the kitchen
of their own homes.

Nothing is more common in the usual
course of housework than the retaining
there of bottles and tins long after the
label disappears. The person in charge
of the pantry knows. But no one else
in the world does know, what is in the
unlabeled bottle. What is in the un-
communicative can.

Octave Thanet had a character in one
of her southern stories, a good old
negro "mammy," who always drank the
remnant in bottles left standing about
the house or barn. She did it on the
principle that the stuff had at some
time cost money, and economy dem-
anded that money be not wasted. So
she never threw it away. Often and
often she took into her well-defended
stomach material which would have
killed man or beast not so constituted.
But it never hurt the frugal old lady.
And you will please observe it never
hurt any one else after she drank it.
From that time on, the unlabeled bot-
tle never had any dangers for any one.

Such a means of providing against
accident is beyond the ability of people
outside Miss Thanet's novels. But
there is another very simple plan that
could be adopted. The bottle could be
emptied, and then carefully and effec-
tually broken. The tin can with some-
thing in it that may be poison and may
be baking powder can be laid gently
but firmly in the stove or the furnace,
and burned.

That killing of the man and the

woman a week ago was the more to be
regretted because it was so utterly un-
necessary. Let there be no more
chances in any woman's kitchen.

THE LAND OF GOLD.

It was a wise man who said: "The
land of gold lies about your own door."
The Herald-Republican has no desire
to deprecate the offerings of the state
of Idaho, or any other state—far or
near. But to those gentlemen who are
constantly looking north and talking of
the marvels of Snake river, or Twin
Falls or Nampa, or the rest of them,
we want to say: You are overlooking
chances entirely as good—and a whole
lot nearer home.

There is not a state in the Union,
if there be a region in the world, which
presents better possibilities to the ear-
nest and enterprising citizen, than does
Utah. And the men who have made
an intelligent and manly effort to win
here provide the best possible proof of
the truth of this statement.

Does any man need convincing of
the excellence of Utah's fruit? If there
is a place on earth where better peaches
grow than are found on the Green river
and the Grand river, it is on the plains
about Brigham City. If there be a
place where better strawberries grow
than they get in Davis county, it is
Utah county. If there be better melons
than those of Weber, they are found in
Cache. The only way to beat the prod-
ucts of Utah is to take other Utah
products.

And it is so with the grain, and the
root crops, and the hay. More and
more it is getting to be so with the
live stock.

No man can go into another state
and get riches without working for
them. And by that simple and honor-
able plan he can get them here in Utah.

If these Utah boys who have gone
to Idaho would have taken their rail-
road fare and added it to the money
value of their effort, they could do bet-
ter by far in the state that gave them
birth than in any other under the sun.

Next year, from May 11 to Sept. 20
the Passion Play will be presented at
Oberammergau. And the burgomaster
has issued an order forbidding all men
to cut their hair.

WHERE FOUR WINDS MEET.

From homes beyond the farthest space
The winds come to their trysting place,
Swiftly from North, East, South and
West
Assembled on some lonely crest,
Or gathered where the murmuring
pines

Have summoned them by secret signs,
They tell of journey's over seas
And whisper of earth's mysteries.
They know why strong sea-currents
sing
Through Northern trees in earliest
spring,
And why bold flowers put bravely forth
In snowy woodlands of the North.
Such things he learns whose guided
feet
May find the place where four winds
meet.

It is not true the winds are foes,
Though some bring buds and some
bring snows;
For they divide the earth's estate
As friendly kings might arbitrate,
And each is sovereign any hour
The friendly land is in its power.
They find delight in bold surprise
And would defeat man's prophecies.
Ships put not forth, seeds are not
sown
Until the favoring gales have blown;
The destinies of nations wait
The winds that ruin or create
These secret things he learns whose
feet
May find the place where four winds
meet.

Now, I have sped in many a race
To find this secret meeting place;
North, East, South, West, have I been
led
Sometime in hope but oft in dread,
Fearing to pause and scornful rest,
Pursuing ceaselessly the quest,
For, whether on the land it be,
Or in some meadow of the sea,
I find at last the tryst, lo there
The tyrant rulers of the air
Shall yield to me each plot and plan
By which they rule the world, and
man
Thenceforth may walk with careless
feet,
Indifferent where the four winds meet.
—Meredith Nicholson.

Through summer woods at night's high
tide
A lonely wind will sometimes ride—
So quickly gone, so vague a thing
Ears hardly catch its whispering,
And no one knows from what far home
This vagrant messenger may roam.
Nor any more might seek to gain
its purpose from a weather vane!
But swift that breath of air will go—
Where only silent trees bend low—
A stir of leaves, a sudden hush—
A thrill runs through the underbrush.
Then, he who runs with winged feet,
May find the place where four winds
meet.

Now, I have sped in many a race
To find this secret meeting place;
North, East, South, West, have I been
led
Sometime in hope but oft in dread,
Fearing to pause and scornful rest,
Pursuing ceaselessly the quest,
For, whether on the land it be,
Or in some meadow of the sea,
I find at last the tryst, lo there
The tyrant rulers of the air
Shall yield to me each plot and plan
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man
Thenceforth may walk with careless
feet,
Indifferent where the four winds meet.
—Meredith Nicholson.

TWENTY-FOUR DON'TS

Henry W. Savage's Reply to Would-
Be Playwright Whose Manu-
script Was Rejected.

Now that Henry W. Savage is home
again, his mail is overflowing with
manuscripts from people who believe
they have "just the thing" for him.
The fact that he discovered George Ade,
Frank Pixley, Gustave Luder, Alfred
G. Robyn, Edith Ellis, author of "Mary
Jane's Pa"; Henry Blossom and others
has made him a favored target. But
a month or two new productions on his
hands has no time to read plays when
only one out of 500 is worth while.

However, he answers all letters with
religious sincerity. Recently he took
time to reply to some length to a man
who complained of having his third
manuscript turned down. The rejected
piece was entitled "The Jolly Smug-
glers"—a near paraphrase of "The Pi-
rates of Penzance." To the disap-
pointed author Mr. Savage sent the fol-
lowing "don'ts," which might be digested
with profit by all would-be play-
wrights:

"Don't write about smugglers, pirates
or bandits.
"Write a clean love story—the kind
that, when you were a boy, made you
curl up in a corner and continue read-
ing while the folks went to dinner.
"Write something new, even if you
never saw it on the stage before. It
might go.

"Don't select as a subject any current
news topic.
"Don't attempt to write about any-
thing with which you are not familiar.
"Make your characters natural. To
be so, they must do only what men and
women do in real life, and not what the
story books say they do.
"Make your characters speak good
English.

"Don't use titled words.
"Don't say, 'I have found the papers
with the old man's will secreted,' etc.
"Don't give the villain whippers nor
make the hero clean shaven. Try it the
other way for a change.

"Don't make your hero a black sheep
returning from Goldfield with the wealth
of a Havemeyer; make him a smart
chap disinherited for marrying a
chorus girl.
"Don't make the injured husband

Distinctive Suit Styles at Z.C.M.I.

In addition to the delightful
showing of Ladies' Tailored
Suits, every line of which re-
flects style and beauty, we have
given, especial attention to
misses' and junior misses' suits.

They are all of the very latest
styles—attractive models that
represent the newest fabrics
and the highest grade of tailor-
ing. The graceful lines are
strikingly discernible in every
garment—as much so as in the
suits for ladies of maturer years.

Suits from \$15 Up

Our Millinery Showing repre-
sents the newest style ideas of
the leading fashion designers of
the world.

Extreme care was taken in se-
lecting the beautiful variety—
each hat suggests grace and
elegance



An attractive
feature of this
season's Millin-
ery is the reason-
able prices
asked.



Kills the Dandruff germ Stops Falling Hair

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

I am feeling fine. Do I look good? Just washed my hair and put Herpicide on it. The
worst thing about washing hair is that it is filthy and unmanageable. By using Herpicide Soap
for shampooing and then applying Newbro's Herpicide you won't have any trouble. Herpicide
allows it to dry quickly and the hair is just as light and fluffy as can be. You can do it up as
nice the first day as the second.

Herpicide is the finest thing for the hair I ever saw. It is not greasy, does not stain or
destroy the natural oil. It is just right.

I believe Herpicide is a sanitary necessity to every woman's toilet. Besides being a most de-
lightful dressing, it saves the hair—prevents it coming out. Loose hair in the comb is the sure
sign of danger. The dandruff germ does that, kills the follicles and throws up the scurf skin that is
so horrid.

Herpicide kills this germ, keeps the scalp clean and allows the hair to grow as it should.
It makes beautiful hair—hair that has that nice gloss and lustre.

You can get a large bottle of Herpicide from your druggist for a dollar. Use it as di-
rected and if not satisfied, go back and get your money. The company that makes Herpicide
are so sure that it will do as they claim that they guarantee it.

If you have not read it, you should send for their book—"The Hair and Its Care." It is
sent to any one upon request. You can also get a nice big sample of Herpicide with the book
by sending ten cents in postage stamps to The Herpicide Company, Dept. 20B, Detroit, Mich.

The best barbers and hair dressers all recommend Newbro's Herpicide.

SMITH DRUG COMPANY,
DRUEHL & FRANKEN

Are Special Agents for Salt Lake City

seize the heroine by the wrist and fling
the lady from him with a curse on his
lips.
"Don't preach. The public can secure
free seats in a church.
"Don't forget the audience has imagi-
nation.

"Don't forget the public reads news-
papers and has real human intelligence.
"Don't use soliloquies. Monologues
are for vaudeville and minstrel shows.
"Don't put too much in your play.
"Don't have one scene on an island,
another at Herald Square and a third in
Chicago.

"Don't begin the first act in a cheer-
less garret in the winter of 1896 and
then jump to the summer of 1909. Those
forty-three years contain enough ma-
terial for a thousand good plays.
"Make the action of your play take
place all in one day if possible.
"Don't think all managers are vam-
pires. Brains are a common article. A

dozen people may have thought your
thought before you thought it.
"Don't expect a manager to produce
your play this season. The Merry
Widow was in my office nearly eight-
een months.
"Don't submit your first manuscript
until you have written a second one.
Then go back and rewrite the first.
"Before submitting a manuscript, go
out behind the barn and read it aloud;
then ask yourself if you would pay \$2
for a seat in the first row to see it
acted."

Held's Band at Saltair

Today, 4 to 6:15 and 7:30 to 9:30,
Miss Dwyer, Mrs. Browning, Fred Gra-
ham, Willard Squires. Choice program.

Our carpet cleaning is guaranteed.
National House Cleaning Co.
Floating at Saltair—Water delightful.

Bug Killer

That works like a charm. One appli-
cation makes those pesky little brown
pests vanish like a summer's dream.
Large bottles, 50c. Special price by
gallon. Phones 467.